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Final Draft

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The Canterville Ghost  
Chapter 4

**THE UNEXPLAINED**  
Ice Bombs

**PUZZLES**  
Spooky Stage



**CLASSIC SERIAL**  
The Canterville Ghost  
Chapter 4

**THE UNEXPLAINED**  
Ice Bombs

**PUZZLES**  
Spooky Stage

# FAITHFUL FRIENDS



Paul and Monica each stifled a laugh as Gary slipped quietly on to the darkened, sagging porch of old Eli Cane's run-down farmhouse. The three kids delighted in doing things to cause Eli as much grief as possible. Because his house was so isolated, he was an easy target whenever they felt like pulling one of their mean-spirited pranks. Last week, they had poured sugar in the petrol tank of his tractor and ruined it. When Eli told the police that they were responsible, the police were not surprised. It wasn't the first time they had been accused of such activities.

As far as anyone knew, Eli had always lived alone in the farmhouse. His only companion, up until last month, had been a scruffy mongrel that was said to be part wolf. Eli had called her Stitch, and she used to bark and howl whenever anyone got too near the house. But Stitch had finally died so now it was even easier for Paul, Monica, and Gary to torment Eli.







**T**his time, they had something special planned. Slowly and carefully, Gary eased up to the window and peered inside the elderly man's living room. Then he waved to the others, a silent signal for them to follow him. Carrying several rubbish bags, filled with rotten food, Paul and Monica quickly joined him on the porch.

"He's asleep in front of the fire," Gary whispered excitedly. "Pass me one of those plastic bags."

Monica handed one to Gary. He opened it, then made a face. "Phew, this stuff stinks!" he declared aloud.

"Shut up," Paul growled. "Grumpy old Eli will hear you."

"No he won't. He's half deaf," Gary said, grinning evilly. "Come on, it's time to have some fun."

Monica and Paul undid the bags and began to spread the gooey, smelly rubbish all over the porch outside Eli's house. Suddenly Paul stopped.

"What was that?" he asked hesitantly. "Did you guys hear something just then?" He looked out towards the woods beyond

the barn, but even in the light of the full moon, Paul couldn't see or hear a thing.

Monica listened for a moment, then shook her head. "I didn't hear anything."

"It sounded like a wolf or something," Paul said, his brow furrowed with concern.

"Yeah," Gary snickered. "I'll bet it was old Stitch coming to get us."

"That's not in the slightest bit funny," Paul said solemnly. "We have to go through those woods to get home."

Monica tossed her empty plastic bag into the bushes and scowled. "Paul is right. You shouldn't joke like that." She lowered her voice as if telling a secret. "My big brother said that no grave would hold that she-wolf when she died. He said Stitch was just plain mean."

"When something is dead, it's dead," scoffed Paul. "Besides, how would your brother know?"

"He thinks Stitch killed his sheep a month ago," Monica replied. "So he went out with his gun and shot her between the eyes, but she just kept on going."

Paul shook his head. "Something's been killing sheep in this area for a long time, but it isn't any mangy old dog. They're probably real wolves down from the mountains. "Besides," he sneered, "your brother couldn't hit an elephant if it was staring him in the face."

"There's only one way to find out if Stitch really is dead," said Gary.

"How?" Monica and Paul asked.

"I know where Eli buried her," Gary replied, grinning widely. "I saw him one day talking to a mound of dirt up behind the barn. I'll bet that's her grave. It wouldn't take long to dig her up and see if she has any gunshot wounds in her."

Paul and Monica glanced at each other. "Come on," Gary urged. "You're not trying to tell me you're scared, are you?"

"No," Paul answered, shaking his head. "Let's get some shovels."



**M**oments later the three stood in the shadow of the barn facing a large patch of bare dirt. They all clutched shovels they had found in Eli's tool shed.

Slowly, they pushed their shovels deep into the soft soil. It wasn't long before they hit something solid.

"Hold it!" Gary ordered. Using the tip of his shovel, he carefully outlined what looked like a large, rough wooden box.

It took all three of them to clear the dirt away and wrestle the box to the surface, balancing it at the edge of the grave. Exhausted, Monica plopped down next to the box and looked at her friends.

"Now what?" she asked.

Gary's lips curled up in an evil smile. "Now we open it and see what's inside."

As he pried at the edges of the box, a ragged cloud snaked across the face of the moon, sending dark fingers of shadow across the field towards them.

Monica jumped to her feet, shivering. "Wait a minute, Gary. This is spooky," she whispered. "Maybe we shouldn't do this. I mean, what if Stitch really could come..."

Just then the door to the tool shed slammed shut in the wind, and Monica's warning caught in her throat. Startled, she jumped and hit the corner of the box. In a shower of dirt, it slipped partly back into the hole and popped open.

The trio stared into the vacant eyes of the decomposing dog. Her lips had been drawn back in death, exposing her long, sharp teeth, looking as if she were snarling.

"Urghhhh!" Monica gasped, as a horrible stench filled the air.

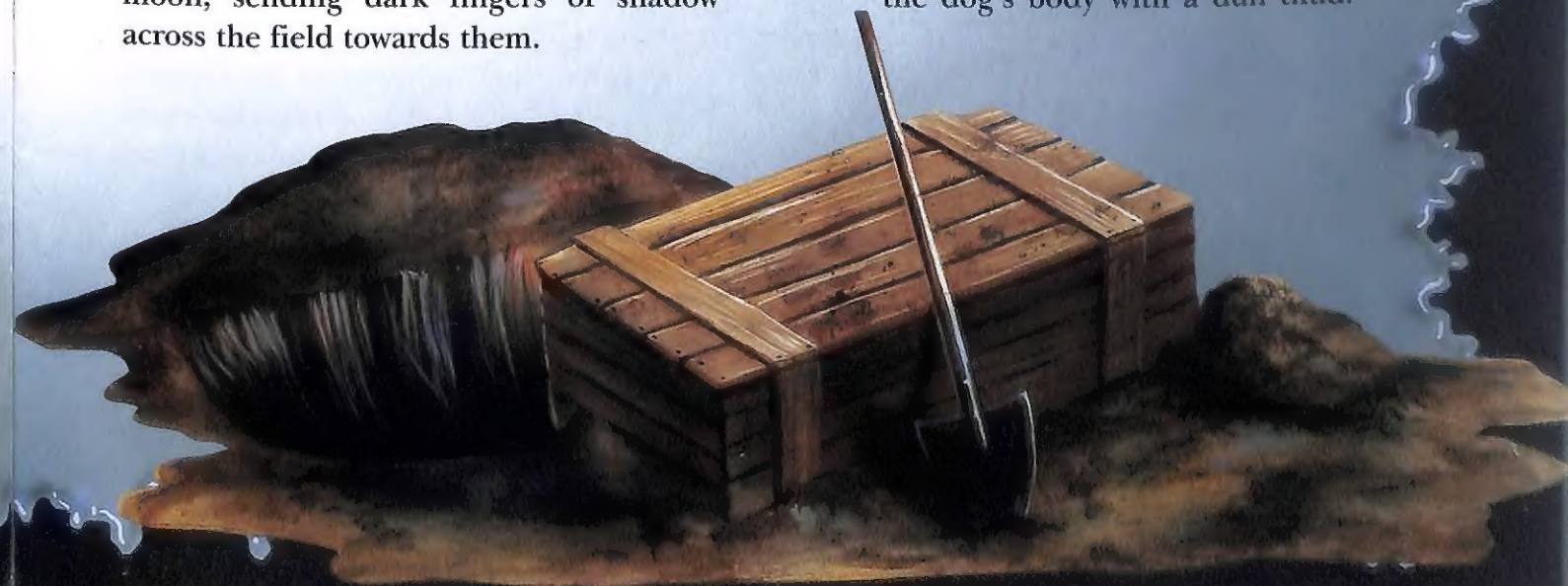
Paul stumbled back. "Let's get out of here," he begged. "I don't like this."

"No, just hang on a minute!" Gary commanded. He stared for a moment at the body, and then glanced towards the house. "I've got an idea." And he quickly told the others what he had in mind.

"I don't know about this," Monica said once she had heard the whole plan. "It's too weird for my liking."

"Yeah," Paul agreed. "And it sounds way too risky to me."

"It's just a dead dog," Gary argued. "She can't hurt anybody." To prove it he tossed a pebble into the open box. It hit the dog's body with a dull thud.





"It'll be fun. We can really drive Eli crazy. All we have to do is hide the body back in the woods, then coax the old man into coming out and finding the empty grave."

"What makes you think he'll fall for it?" Paul asked.

"That old mutt was the only family Eli ever had. She meant everything to him."



If he doesn't believe she's come back from the dead, at least he'll want to believe it." He looked at the still, anxious expressions on his friends' faces. "It'll be our best prank yet," he said looking straight at Monica, "unless you're too chicken to do it."

"I'm not chicken," Monica said slowly, annoyed by the comment. Then she looked up with a cruel, determined glint in her eye. "Let's do it."

Paul shrugged, "I'm in."

After finding a canvas tarpaulin in Eli's shed, the three lifted the body into it.

"This is really gross," Monica grumbled, wrinkling up her nose. "She's giving me the creeps. Can't we close her eyes or something? She's looking right at me."

"She'll be covered up in a minute," Gary answered. "Stop complaining, will you?"

Paul made a face. "Are you sure she's dead? She doesn't feel dead. I thought bodies were supposed to get stiff."

"That's only for a while," Gary said, throwing him a disgusted look. "She's dead all right."



**T**he trio silently lifted their burden and carried it off into the woods. Then they returned to the farmhouse. While Monica and Paul crouched in the bushes, Gary sprinted towards the porch. He checked to see that Eli was still asleep, then tapped loudly on the window-pane. The old man stirred.

"Aaaaaaoooooooooooo," Gary howled, as Monica and Paul clamped their hands over their mouths to keep from laughing. Inside, Eli sat up straight and listened.

Using a long stick, Gary scratched at the door. "Aaaaaoooo," he howled again, then added in a pitiful whine, "Eeeeeeliiiiiii." Then he leaped from the edge of the porch and rolled into the bushes just as Eli yanked open the door.

"Stitch!" the old man called out in a frail voice. "Is that you, girl?" Wincing and rubbing his right leg as he limped, Eli hobbled to the site of the now open grave. He stared down at the upturned earth in disbelief.

Keeping to the shadows, the kids moved in close enough to watch the results of their practical joke.

"Please, girl!" Eli cried out once more. "If you're here, let me see you!"



The old man's face was twisted in suffering, and when his pitiful plea faded unanswered into the night, he just stood there for a while with his head in his hands, his shoulders trembling.

"What's he doing?" Paul whispered.

"Shhhhh!" Monica answered, hitting Paul hard in the arm. Eli suddenly looked up in their direction. Then he raised his head almost as if he were sniffing the breeze.

"Hmmmph," he muttered, turning and shuffling towards the house. He stopped once more when he reached his door and looked back towards them.

"Let's get out of here," Paul urged. "This is getting really creepy."

"Don't you think we should go and put the dog back in the box?" Monica said.

"I don't want to go near that thing," said Paul. "Let's just go home instead."



**T**hey took off towards the main road through the woods. For a while they walked in silence. Monica was first to speak. "Do you guys think that things can come back after they're dead?" she asked.

"Of course not!" Gary said with a sneer. "You've seen too many movies."

The girl pulled her jacket more tightly around her shoulders and whimpered, "I don't like this. I feel like we're being watched." She looked from side to side. "I keep seeing that dog's eyes looking right at me. I'm scared."

They walked a little farther, but now it seemed as if there was something different in the woods... something sinister.

"Stop," Paul said abruptly. "What was that noise?"

Gary let out a groan. "Oh, marvellous. Now you're hearing things again. I didn't hear..."

"Shut up!" Paul demanded, holding up his hand. He peered into the darkness around them.

"I heard something, too," Monica murmured after a moment. It came from back there." She pointed in the direction they had come from.

They all stood perfectly still and listened to the gentle breeze sighing softly in the treetops. Suddenly an owl hooted in the distance, followed by something else.



As they strained to hear what it was, a low rumbling noise sounded behind a tangle of branches just in front of them.

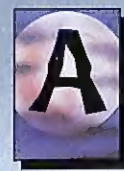
Monica tried to catch her breath. "There's something there!" she gasped. In answer, the branches began to crackle and snap. Then, with a deep, growling roar, a huge shadowy form sprang from the gloom. Gary let out a piercing cry and charged headlong down the path with Monica at his heels. Somewhere behind them Paul's horrible screams ripped through the night.

As Gary lurched forwards along the path, sharp branches reached out and tore at his face. His breath came in ragged gulps that stung his chest. Then all at once he stumbled and fell hard on the cold ground. Something tumbled on top of him and he screeched in terror.

"It's me!" Monica cried hysterically. "What are we going to do? It already got Paul and it's coming after us!"

Gary scrambled to his feet and pulled the hysterical girl up behind him.

"This way," he commanded. "The road is just up ahead."



As they turned to run, a ghastly figure crashed through the undergrowth and leaped into their path. Gary was frozen to the spot, his heart about to burst. Crouched right in front of him was some sort of hideous, wolf-like beast. It was covered with stiff, dark-coloured fur, and it glared at them with flaming, blood-red eyes. Droplets of foam dripped from its razor-toothed jaws.

"It must be the spirit of Stitch!" Gary heard Monica scream beside him. "She's come back as a ghost because of what we did to her body and to the old man."

Slowly, with a tremendous effort, Gary managed to force himself to move. He crept away, a little at a time. Just as slowly, the phantom creature began to slink towards them.



Monica reached out to grab Gary's hand. "Please don't leave me, Gary," she cried.

Gary pulled his hand away, and with a sudden surge of strength, he took off running. Monica's shrieks filled his ears, but he didn't even look back. He knew what he had to do. He raced to the spot where they had left the covered body of the terrible dog. If the thing really was a vengeful spirit after them because of what they had done, then maybe it would leave him alone if he buried the body again.

With tears streaming down his face, Gary dragged the body across the field. "I can do this," he tried to convince himself. "I've got to do this."

The pallid moon shone down on him as he worked feverishly to place the corpse back into the box and rebury it.

Finally he let the shovel fall from his sweating hands. It was done. "There," he said aloud as if the spirit dog could hear him. "That's what you wanted, isn't it? Now leave me alone." Covered with dirt, Gary backed slowly away from the grave... and bumped into something. Slowly he turned around and came face to face with Eli.

"You!" Gary screamed wildly. "It's all your fault, you evil old man!"

The man looked at him without any emotion.

"Paul is dead, and for all I know, Monica is probably dead, too," Gary bellowed.

"I'm going to tell everyone I know that you and your monster dog are murderers!"

Eli simply shook his head. "You're wrong, boy. So very wrong," he whispered as he glanced down at the grave. "She's no monster. All that's buried here are the earthly remains of a dog... a gentle, faithful old friend who accepted me for what I really am." He looked up. "Stitch was my only friend. You should never have disturbed her resting place. You should never have tried to hurt me by defiling her grave." He paused for a moment. "You've done harm to me before, and I've let it pass as just spiteful pranks, but this time you've mistreated my friend. This time I will not let it go unpunished."



Gary felt his tortured heart pound again as the man's eyes began to glow a fiery red, the same crimson colour as those of the beast that attacked him and Monica. Numbed by fear, he could barely breathe.

"You're wrong about something else, too," Eli snarled. The bright moonlight illuminated the stiff, rust-coloured hairs now protruding from his changing shape. "And you were wrong about telling everyone about me." Saliva streamed from the corner of Eli's mouth as his teeth grew sharp and gleaming white. His jaws extended into a long, wolfish snout. His transformation to werewolf complete, Eli moved ominously towards his victim. "You were wrong... because you aren't going to be around to tell anybody... anything."

THE END



## OUR HAUNTED WORLD



We follow the trails of  
ghosts, hermits and  
monsters in New York...



### HARLEM HERMITS

Fifth Avenue, in NYC, has been home to some strange folk. 'The Hermits of Harlem' were two brothers who rarely left their apartment except after midnight to stock up on junk – 136 tons of it which almost reached the ceiling! Police raided their home in 1947 (above) and found 14 grand pianos, an antique car and human specimens, preserved in glass jars, among the clutter. The recluses had boarded up their windows and cut off power supplies. They even devised booby traps that would bring their junk tumbling down on any intruders. When detectives delved deeper under the debris, they found two bodies – the hermits had been caught out by their own traps!



### HIDE AND SEEK

A landlord in South Troy had a terrible time renting out his house because it was haunted by a nuisance ghost. Every night at the stroke of midnight, a white-bearded man would clomp downstairs from the attic and tap on an old painting in the sitting room with his cane. Tenants were so terrified, they all moved out. When Sam moved in, the same thing happened. The old man banged hard on the painting ten times and trudged back upstairs. But Sam was not afraid and realised the old man *must* be trying to tell him something. He went up to the painting, removed it from the wall and found a hollow – big enough for a fist. He stuck his hand inside and pulled out 50,000 dollars!

### ALLIGATOR ALERT

If ever you're in New York, you will probably hear the rumour that giant sewage-feeding alligators lurk in the city sewers. Apparently, in the 1930s, New Yorkers used to buy baby alligators and keep them as pets. But when they got too big and began to bite they flushed them down the toilet! City sewers became their breeding and feeding ground, so the story went. Police caught a few of the baby ones, but that has never quite settled people's fears that giant alligators are, indeed, thriving in subterranean NYC!

### MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

In 1957, a mum from Long Island was at home with her son when everything around them went 'pop'. Nearly every bottle in the house exploded leaving a gooey mess of shampoo, bleach and perfume all over the walls and carpets. The same thing happened week after week, reports said. But the fun and games really took off when the cops were called, apparently. Sugar bowls dashed through the air, a heavy bookcase tumbled over and the bathroom cabinet spun 180 degrees. Faulty electrical circuits and planes overhead were ruled out as possible causes. The prime suspect – a poltergeist – was never found.

### WATER CHAMP!

Rumours abound that Lake Champlain (below) is about to flood. Nearby residents are terrified because they believe that "Champ", the mighty lake monster, is lurking in its waters. Could this be him, below, poking his head out of the lake? Hundreds of people reckon they have spotted him over the years. If their stories are true, then he is one mighty ugly monster. A 17-metre-long, three humped, white spotted-tongued one, in fact! If the rumour is true, and the lake floods, will Champ escape and cause havoc? Only time will tell.



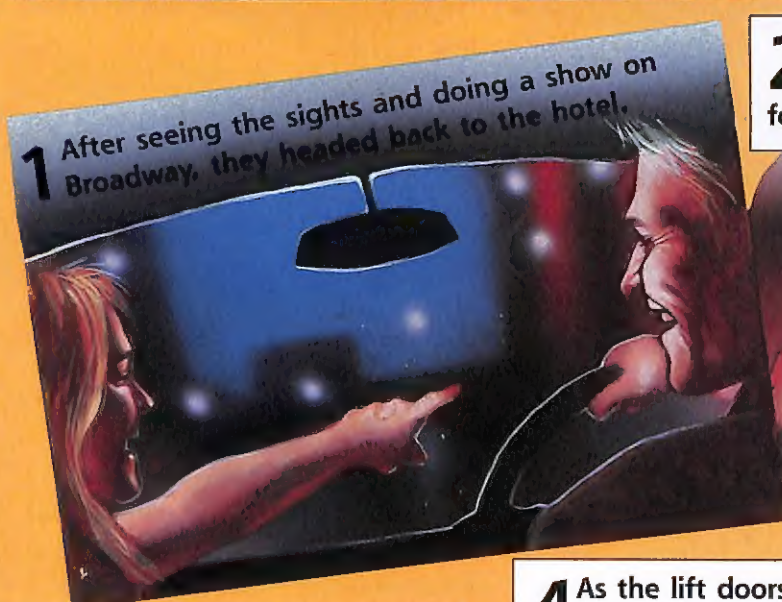


# HIT THE DECK!

A couple of a friend took a trip to New York...



**1** After seeing the sights and doing a show on Broadway, they headed back to the hotel.



**2** They'd seen so many violent films about New York, they yearned for the safety of their hotel room.



**3** They parked their hire car in the basement and called the lift. It was dark and spooky, just like a scene from a thriller movie.



**4** As the lift doors closed, a tough-looking guy burst inside with his Rottweiler dog.



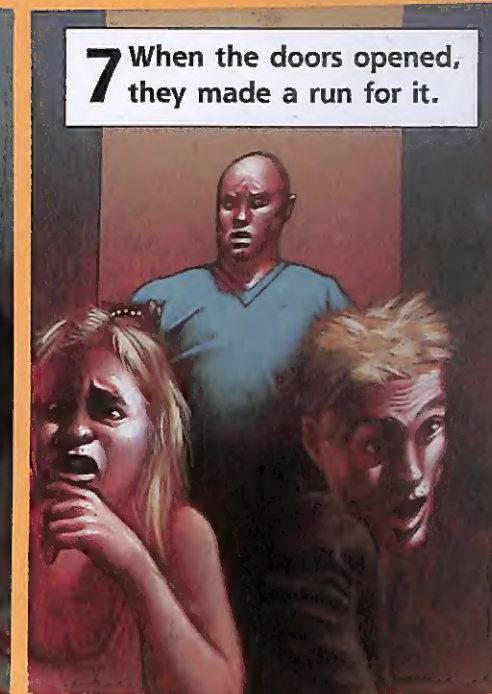
**5** "Hit the deck, Lady," he roared.



**6** The couple instantly dropped to the ground and threw all their money and jewellery at him.



**7** When the doors opened, they made a run for it.



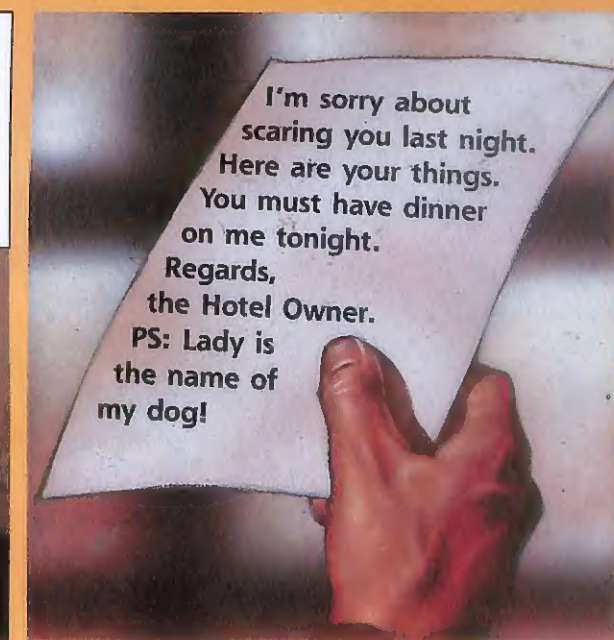
**8** The shaken couple went to check out the next morning.



**9** But to their delight, they were handed all their belongings plus a note – from the 'mugger'. It read...



I'm sorry about scaring you last night. Here are your things. You must have dinner on me tonight. Regards, the Hotel Owner. PS: Lady is the name of my dog!





# SWEENEY TODD

## BACKGROUND INFORMATION

In the 18th century, London's Fleet Street was lined with dingy shops. St Dunstan's Church also stood on one side, while Newgate Prison was nearby. In 1785, 29-year-old barber Sweeney Todd set up his business on this road. His girlfriend, Margery Lovett, ran a local pie shop. But this couple were not all that they seemed. For 16 years, their businesses were the front for a string of murders – 160 or even more. Todd cut his victims' throats and stole their valuables. Then Lovett made the corpses into mincemeat for her pies. That, at least, is the legend of Sweeney Todd. Some historians believe it is only that.

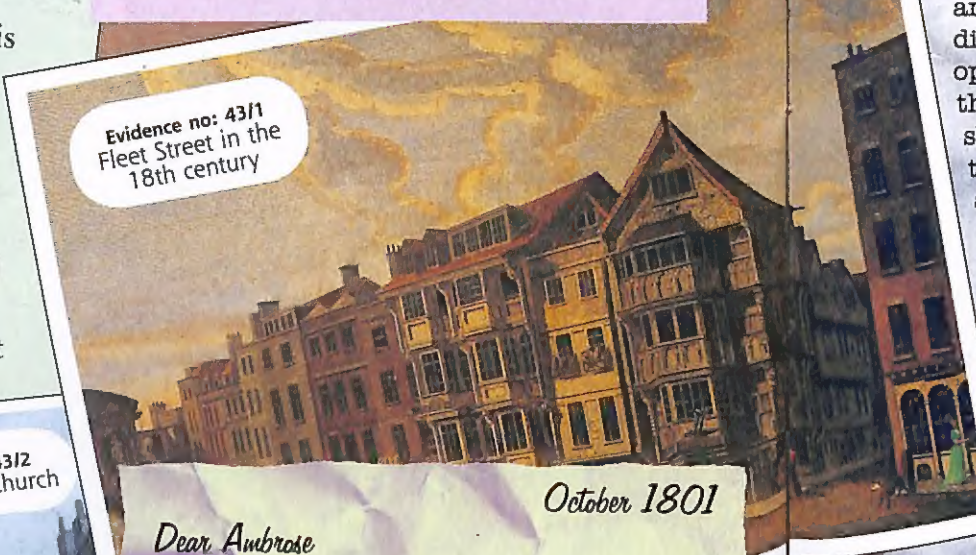
Others claim the grisly – and gristly – story is all too true.

## Special Investigation File: 43

**Subject:** the 'demon barber' of Fleet Street  
**Place:** East London

SpineChiller creates a file

Evidence no: 43/1  
Fleet Street in the 18th century



October 1801

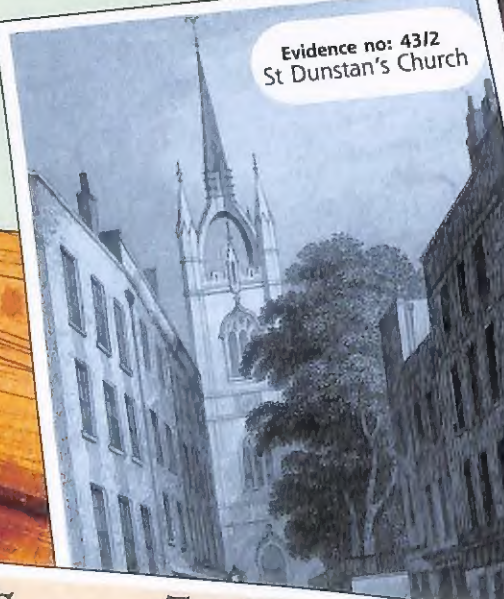
Dear Ambrose

Did you know Sweeney Todd has been arrested by the Bow Street Runners, London's police force, and taken to Newgate Prison? The police had been watching his shop, as they suspected that many customers who went in never came out again.

Police fears were confirmed when they found a secret underground passageway. It led from the barber's, right through the cellars of St Dunstan's Church, to Mrs Lovett's kitchens. These were covered in human blood. Lovett was arrested first, then Todd. His trial is due in December.

Yours ever  
Obadiah

Evidence no: 43/2  
St Dunstan's Church



Mrs. Lovett's Pie Shop

Royal Courts of Justice

Strand

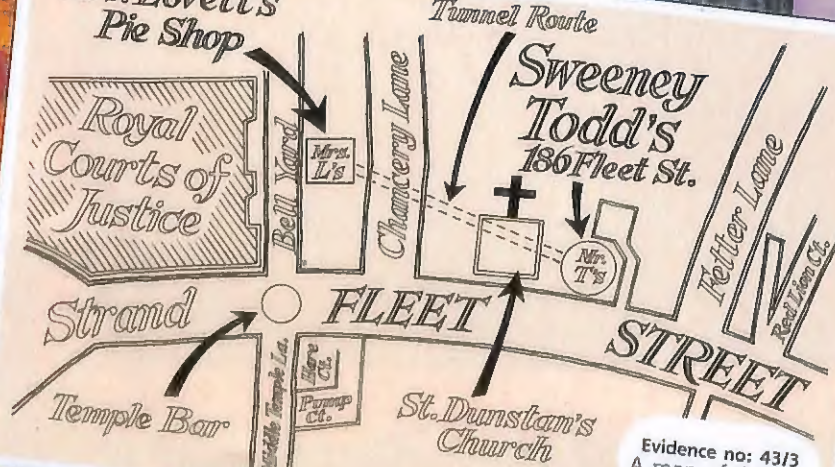
Tunnel Route

Sweeney Todd's 186 Fleet St.

FLEET STREET

St. Dunstan's Church

Evidence no: 43/3  
A map of the site



January 26, 1802

## GRUESOME TWOSOME DEAD

At eight o'clock yesterday morning, demon barber Sweeney Todd was hanged. His accomplice, the people pie-maker Mrs Lovett, had already poisoned herself just before Christmas.

Since Sweeney Todd's arrest, the police have discovered exactly how he operated. They now know that the chair in his barber's shop stood right on top of a trapdoor. When Todd pulled a hidden lever, the trapdoor revolved so that the chair and its occupant ended up in the cellar below. At the same time another, empty chair revolved around into the shop.

Some victims died as they crashed from the chair on to the hard stone floor of the cellar.

Sweeney Todd slashed the throats of the rest with his sharp steel razor.

Evidence no: 43/4  
A diagram of Sweeney Todd's revolving chair



Evidence no: 43/5  
A scene from the musical 'Sweeney Todd'.



Unexplained

## SCARY STORY

Sweeney Todd's story has provided the basis for many popular novels, plays and films. These are just a few:

1 A serial by Thomas Peckett Prest in 'The People's Periodical', 1846. It was called 'The String of Pearls' because in it, Todd stole his victim's pearl necklace.  
2 A play called 'The String of Pearls, or The Barber Fiend of Fleet Street'. It was first produced in 1847 at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, London.

3 Two silent films, in 1926 and 1928. In the second, Todd simply dreamed his evil crimes.

4 A 1936 'talkie'. 'Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street' starred Tod Slaughter. He went on to play the role more than 4000 times.

5 A musical by famous composer Stephen Sondheim. It premiered in New York, USA, in 1979, then moved to London just a year later.

## CONCLUSION

No one knows if the Sweeney Todd story is true. Similar tales are told in other countries, and it may be just a legend with many variations. But whatever the truth may be, Todd will always be remembered for his catch-phrase 'Oh, how I love to polish 'em off'!





## Chapter 3

# The Canterville Ghost

Retold from a story by Oscar Wilde

It took the Canterville Ghost three hours to prepare for his appearance as the headless earl. He was very satisfied with the result, and at a quarter past one crept down the corridor.

On reaching the twins' room, he found the door ajar. When he flung it open, a jug of water fell down on him, wetting him to the skin. At the same moment he heard shrieks of laughter. The shock was so great that he fled back to his room, and by the next day he had a severe cold. He was very glad that he had not taken his head with him to catch a cold, too.

He now gave up all hope of ever frightening this rude American family, and contented himself with creeping about the passages in slippers. Then he received the final blow to his pride. He had gone downstairs to the hall. It was a quarter past two in the morning and

no one was stirring. As he was strolling towards the library, however, two figures leaped out. They waved their arms wildly, then shrieked "BOO!" in his ear.

Seized with panic, the ghost rushed for the staircase, but found Washington Otis waiting for him there. Hemmed in by enemies on every side, he vanished into the stove and made his way home through the flues, arriving at his room in a state of despair.

After this disaster, the Canterville Ghost was not seen again on any nocturnal expedition. The twins lay in wait for him on several occasions, but it was pointless. The family assumed that he had gone away.

Then one day, Virginia went riding with the Duke of Cheshire. She tore her dress so badly that, on her return home, she went up by the back staircase so as not to be seen. As she ran past the Tapestry Chamber, she saw someone inside. She looked in and discovered the ghost! He was sitting by the window. His head was leaning on his hand, and he looked depressed. Virginia was filled with pity, and decided to comfort him.

"I am so sorry for you," she said, "but my brothers are going back to school tomorrow. Then, if you behave yourself, no one will annoy you."



"It is absurd to ask me to behave myself," he answered, "I must rattle my chains and walk about at night. It is my only reason for existing."

"It is no reason at all for existing, and you know you have been wicked. You killed your wife."

"Well, I admit it," said the ghost, "but it was very much a family matter, and concerned no one else."

"It is very wrong to kill anyone, family or not," said Virginia.

"But my wife was plain, never had my ruffs properly starched, and knew nothing about cookery. Anyway, it is all over now, and it wasn't very nice of her brothers to starve me to death, even though I did kill her."

"Starve you to death? Oh, are you still hungry? I have a sandwich in my case. Would you like it?"

"No, thank you, I never eat now. But it is very nice of you to offer, and you are much nicer than the rest of your horrid, dishonest family."

"Stop!" cried Virginia. "It is you who are horrid, and as for dishonesty, you know you stole the paints from my box to renew the bloodstain in the library. First

you took all my reds, then you took the emerald-green. I never told on you, though I was very annoyed. It was ridiculous, too, for who ever heard of emerald-green blood?"

"Well, really," said the ghost, "what was I to do? It is difficult to get real blood now, and as your brother began it all with his stain remover, I saw no reason why I should not have your paints. As for colour, that is a matter of taste. The Cantervilles have blue blood, for example."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Virginia and stood up to leave.

"Please don't go Virginia," the ghost cried. "I am so unhappy. I want to sleep and I cannot."

"That's absurd. You just go to bed and blow out the candle."

"I have not slept for three hundred years," the ghost said sadly, "and I am so tired."

Virginia grew serious. She came towards him and looked into his ancient face.

"Poor Ghost," she murmured, "is there nowhere you can sleep?"

"Far away beyond the pine woods," he answered, "there is a garden. There the grass grows long, the nightingale sings all





night, the crystal moon looks down, and the yew tree spreads its long arms over the sleepers."

Virginia's eyes filled with tears, and she hid her face in her hands.

"You mean the Garden of Death," she whispered.

"Yes, death. Death must be so beautiful. To lie in the earth and listen to silence. To have no yesterday, and no tomorrow. To forget time, to forgive life, to be at peace. You can open the doors of death's house for me, for Love is always with you, and Love is stronger than Death."

Virginia trembled and for a few moments there was silence. Then the ghost spoke again.

"Have you read the old prophecy on the library window?"

"Oh often," cried the girl. "There are only six lines:

*When a golden girl can win  
Prayer from out the lips of sin  
When the barren almond bears,  
And a little child gives away its tears,  
Then shall all the house be still  
And peace come to Canterville.*

"But I don't know what they mean."

"They mean," the ghost said, "that you must weep for my sins, as I have no tears, and pray with me for my soul, as I have no faith. Then the Angel of Death will have mercy on me. You will see fearful shapes, and wicked voices will whisper in your ear, but they will not harm you, for Hell cannot prevail against a child's purity."

Virginia made no answer. Then she stood up. "I am not afraid," she said, "and I will ask the Angel to have mercy on you."

The ghost rose from his seat with a cry of joy and led Virginia across the room. Huntsmen, embroidered on the wall tapestry, blew their horns and said, "Go back, Virginia." But the ghost clutched her hand, and she shut her eyes against them. Evil-looking animals blinked at her from the carved chimney-piece and murmured, "Beware, little Virginia! We may never see you again," but the ghost glided on and Virginia did not listen.

When they reached the end of the room, the ghost stopped and muttered some strange words. Virginia opened her eyes to see the wall fading away and a black cavern in front of her. "Quick," cried the ghost, "or it will be too late." In a moment, the wainscoting closed behind them.

About ten minutes later, the bell rang for tea. As Virginia did not come down, Mrs Otis sent one of the servants to get her. However, he could not find the young girl. Mrs Otis was not alarmed at first, but when six o'clock struck and Virginia did not appear, she became agitated, and sent the boys to look for her. She and Mr Otis, meanwhile, searched every room in the house. At half-past six, the boys came back without their sister.

Then Mr Otis remembered that, some days before, he had given a band of gypsies permission to camp in the park. He at once set off for Blackfell Hollow where they were, accompanied by his eldest son and two servants. But on arriving at the spot, they found that the gypsies had gone.

## WORD POWER

flues – pipes that carry smoke from an inside fire to the outside

nocturnal – taking place at night

ruffs – high, pleated collars worn in the 16th and 17th centuries

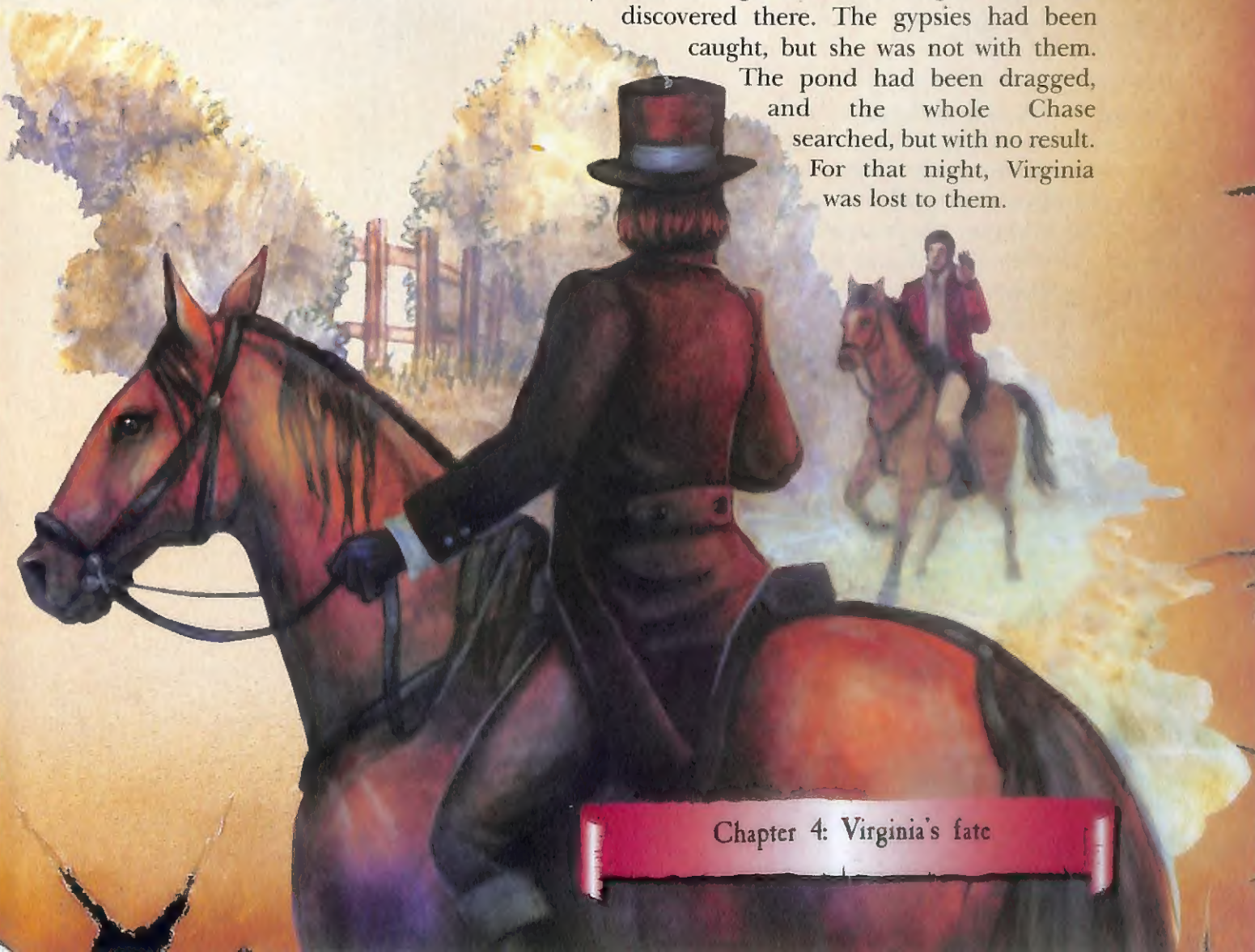
prevail against – overcome; master

Mr Otis then asked Washington and the two servants to search the district, while he ran home and sent telegrams to the police, telling them to look out for Virginia. When he had finished, he rode off on his horse to join the search. He had hardly gone a couple of miles when he heard somebody galloping after him, and saw the Duke of Cheshire on his pony.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr Otis," gasped out the young man, "but I can't rest as long as Virginia is lost. Please, don't be angry with me. You won't send me back, will you?"

The Minister smiled at the young man and replied, "Well, Cecil, I suppose you must come with me." Then the two of them galloped on to the railway station. There Mr Otis asked the station-master if Virginia had been seen on the platform, but could get no news of her. The station-master, however, assured him that a strict watch would be kept.

Mr Otis and the Duke then rode to Bexley, a nearby village that was a well-known gypsy haunt. Here they roused the policeman, but could get no information from him. So they turned their horses homewards and reached Canterville Chase at about eleven o'clock. Not the slightest trace of Virginia had been discovered there. The gypsies had been caught, but she was not with them. The pond had been dragged, and the whole Chase searched, but with no result. For that night, Virginia was lost to them.







# PYRAMID POWER

Even after extensive studies by the world's leading archaeologists, the pyramids of Egypt and Central America are still shrouded in mystery. Why were they built? Who were the builders? And – most mysterious of all – what natural and supernatural energies were these early engineers tapping into when they constructed these extraordinary shapes?



## SECRETS IN STONE

It is now widely believed that the 800 or so pyramids of Egypt were built as burial tombs for the powerful Pharaohs who ruled this mighty civilisation over four thousand years ago. But, some people claim that the pyramid structure is much more than just a storage cupboard for dead kings.

In the past, it has been claimed that the length of the solar calendar and the distance between the Earth and the Sun could be calculated by different measurements of the Great Pyramid at Giza. It's also been suggested that the position of the tombs within the Great Pyramid could be deciphered to predict the future!

## STRANGE ENERGY

The extraordinary claim that the shape and position of the Egyptian pyramids creates and stores special energy



▲ **POWER POINTS**  
The Three Pyramids of Giza. The exact dimensions and perfect construction of the Great Pyramid (in the background) is said to give it special powers.

can, however, be proved by a few simple experiments. More than 50 years ago, a Frenchman called Antoine Bovis was visiting the Great Pyramid of Giza in Egypt. He noticed that the corpses of tiny animals found inside the pyramid had not decomposed. Back home, he built a simple cardboard pyramid and placed some fruit and vegetables inside. Sure enough, this unusual storage system kept the produce fresh for longer than other containers!

## RAZOR SHARP

In the 1950s, a Czechoslovakian called Karel Drbal decided to take this experiment a step further to see the effect of the pyramid's 'energy' on metal. He placed a razor blade inside a model pyramid modelled on the dimensions of the Great Pyramid at Giza and was astounded to discover that it sharpened automatically! He thought this was such a good discovery that he got a licence to manufacture pyramid blade sharpeners – which are still on the market today!

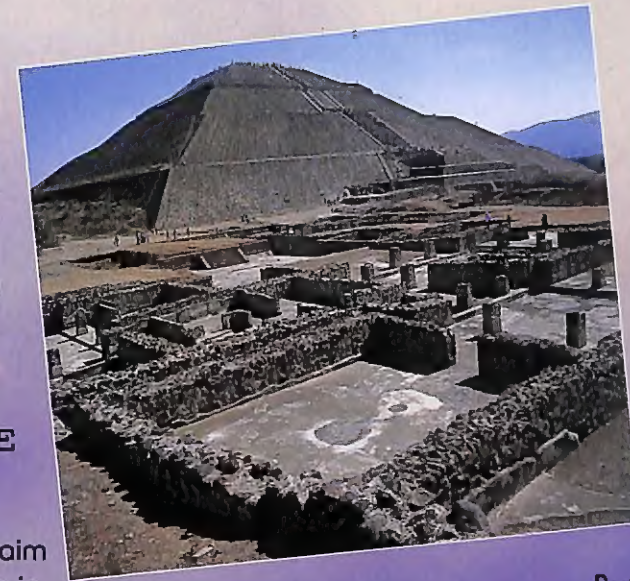
◀ **THE FORCE BE WITH YOU**  
Sit inside a pyramid built on the dimensions of the Great Pyramid and perhaps you'll feel the power!

How pyramid power works is still a mystery. All we know is that the blade sharpens best if placed along a line from north to south which matches the Earth's magnetic field, and if it is kept away from electrical instruments.

## UNNATURAL FORCE

There are even more extraordinary claims for pyramid power. Psychics claim that sleeping or meditating in a pyramid can aid supernatural powers such as having dreams that predict the future or telepathy – communicating mind to mind.

Others believe that sleeping with a pyramid shape under the bed can fill the sleeper with good energy. Or even that a pyramid under the bed can act as a pain killer if the point is directed at the source of the pain. Sufferers of arthritis or rheumatism have been known to sit inside a pyramid shape to relieve the pain.



▲ **HIGH RISE SACRIFICES**  
Pyramid of the Sun in Teotihuacan, Mexico where grisly human sacrifices were carried out.

**TRAVELLING BUILDERS**  
There was very little pain relief or preservation of life going on at the Mayan pyramids of Central America, however. Neither was there ever much doubt as to what they were used for. They were built as sacrificial platforms and their steps once ran with the blood of human sacrifices.

But the one question that does remain unanswered is: exactly who built them? Mexico's largest pyramid is found in the ruined city of Teotihuacan, close to Mexico City, which flourished between AD450-650. Who the founders of this ancient city civilisation were is still uncertain.


This on-going question has led to speculation that the ancient Egyptians managed the journey across treacherous seas and passed on their amazing pyramid-building skills to the native American people! This may sound too incredible to be true – but, in 1970, a Norwegian called Thor Heyerdahl built a papyrus reed boat called Ra II and sailed it from Africa to Barbados – just to prove the point!



▶ **SEA AHOY!**  
Ra II, the reed boat built by the adventurer Thor Heyerdahl (above), being towed through the streets of Cairo, Egypt before his historic sea journey to Barbados.







A hand is pointing to the 'GEM' category on a yellow wheel. The wheel is divided into several segments, each with a category name and a number. The categories and numbers are: GAS 863, MAGNET 9621, LAMP 268754, GEM 852, and METAL 25469. The wheel is set against a background of a blue sky with white clouds.

Category	Number
GAS	863
MAGNET	9621
LAMP	268754
GEM	852
METAL	25469

SAMPLE	MAPS	GLEAM
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The Mad Scientist's huge magnet is working overtime and has attracted metal objects from around the lab. Where do these objects belong?

The Mad Scientist is very interested in biodegradable materials. He also likes playing with words. Can you beat him at his own game. How many words of five or more letters can you find in the word 'BIODEGRADABLE'.

To release the floating astronaut  
and bring him down to Earth,  
you must find the missing  
numbers on the staircase.

The Mad Scientist is experimenting with different uses of light and has made a list of key words. But the list has become scrambled. Can you help him find the 14 words (shown on the right) on the large computer screen.

TRANSPARENT  
TRANSLUCENT  
OPAQUE  
X-RAY  
SHADOW  
REFLECTION  
LAMP

ELECTRICITY  
FLAME  
BULB  
TORCH  
CANDLE  
ENERGY  
EYE

## ANSWERS

**MAD SEARCH:** See *gnd*.

 $42+26=68$ 

For example:  $16 + 10 = 26$

CODE BREAKER: 110 178

DEGRADABLE, DREAD, DABBLE, D

ROADIE, BRIDGE, BRIDGEABLE, DI

DEGRADABLE WORDS: AIG

Left image: glasses with the ironing board. Key to

[illegible]

MAGNETIC OVERLOAD: 100

MAD WORDS: 4625, 1967



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